THE IOLA REGISTER.

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HER LAST POSY.

In the rarest of English valleys
A motherless girl ran wild,
And the greenness and silence and gladness
Were soul of the soul of the child.
The birds were her gay little brothers,
The squirrels her sweethearts shy;
And her heart kept tune with the rain-drops,
And sailed with the clouds in the sky.
And angels kept coming and going,
With beautiful things to do;
And wherever they left a footprint
A cowslip or primrose grew.

She was taken to live in London,
So thick with pitiless folk,
And she could not smile for its badness,
And could not breathe for its smoke.
And now, as she lay on her pallet,
Too weary and weak to rise,
A smile of ineffable longing
Brought dews to her faded eyes:
"Oh me, for a yellow cowslip,
A pale little primrose dear!
Won't some kind angel remember,
And pluck one and bring it here?"

They bought her a bunch of cowslips;
She took them with fingers weak,
And kissed them, and stroked them, and loved them,
And laid them against her cheek.
"It was kind of the angels to send them,
And, now, I'm too tired to pray.
If God looks down at the cowslips,
He'll know what I want to say."
They buried them in her bosom,
And when she shall wake and rise,
Why may not the flowers be quickened,
And bloom in her happy skies?

—*Good Words.*

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.

By B. L. Farjeon, Author of "Bread, Cheese and Kisses."

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

The dim lamp was shaded from the eyes of the invalid by a white porcelain screen, which subdued the light, and cast great shadows of the furniture upon the walls of the room.

He lay for some time quite quietly, with his face still turned away from Ellinor, but by the incessant nervous motion of the hand lying upon the counterpane, she knew that he was not asleep.

The doctor opened the door softly, and looked in.

"If he says anything to you," he whispered to Ellinor, "hear it quietly; but do not ask him any questions; and, above all, do not betray agitation."

She bowed her head in assent, and the physician closed the door.

Suddenly Horace Margrave turned his face to her, and looking at her earnestly with his haggard eyes, said:

"Ellinor Dalton, you ask me what this means. I will tell you. The very day on which you left England, a strange chance led me into the heart of a manufacturing town—a town which was being ravaged by the fearful scourge of an infectious fever; I was in a very weak state of health, and, as might be expected, I caught this fever. I was warned, when it was perhaps not yet too late to have taken precautions which might have saved me, but I would not take those precautions. I was too great a coward to commit suicide. Some people say a man is too brave to kill himself—I was not—but I was too much a coward. Life was hateful, but I was afraid to die. Yet I would not avert a danger which had not been my own seeking. Let the fever kill me, if it would, Ellinor, my wish is fast being accomplished. I am dying."

"Horace! Horace!" She fell on her knees once more at the side of the bed, and taking the thin hand in hers, pressed it to her lips.

He drew it away as if he had been stung. "For heaven's sake, Ellinor, if you have any pity—no tenderness! That I cannot bear. For four years you have never seen me without a mask. I am going to let it fall. You will curse me, you will hate me soon, Ellinor Dalton!"

"Hate you, Horace—never!"

He waved his hand impatiently, as if to wave away protestations that must soon be falsified.

"Wait," he said; "you do not know." Then, after a brief pause, he continued—"Ellinor, I have not been the kindest or the tenderest of guardians, have I, to my beautiful young ward? You reproached me with my cold indifference one day soon after your marriage, in the little drawing-room in Hertford street."

"You remember that?"

"I remember that! Ellinor, you never spoke one word to me in your life which I do not remember; as well as the accent in which it was spoken, and the place where I heard it. I say, I have not been a kind or affectionate guardian—have I, Ellinor?"

'You were so once, Horace," she said:

"I was so once! When, Ellinor?"

"Before my uncle left me that wretched fortune."

"That wretched fortune—yes, that divided us at once and forever. Ellinor, there were two reasons for this pitiful comedy of cold indifference. Can you guess one of them?"

"No," she answered.

"You cannot? I affected an indifference I did not feel, or pretended an apathy which was a lie from first to last, because, Ellinor Dalton, I loved you with the whole strength of my heart and soul, from the first to the last."

"O, Horace! Horace! for pity's sake!" She stretched out her hands imploringly, as if she would prevent the utterance of the words which seemed to break her heart.

"Ellinor, when you were seventeen years' of age, you had no thought of succeeding to your uncle's property. It would have been, upon the whole, a much more natural thing for him to have left it to his adopted son, Henry Dalton. Your poor father expected that he would do so; I expected the same. Your father intrusted me with the custody of your little income, and I discharged my trust honestly. I was a great speculator: I dabbled with thousands, and cast down heavy sums every day, as a gambler throws down a card upon the gaming-table; and to me your mother's little fortune was so insignificant a trust, that its management never gave me a moment's thought or concern. At this time I was going on in a fair way to become a rich man; in fact, was a rich man; and, Ellinor, I was an honorable man. I loved you—loved you as I never believed I could love—my innocent and beautiful ward; how could it well be otherwise? I am not a coxcomb, Ellinor; and if there is one character I hold more in contempt than another, it is that of a lady-killer; but I dared to say to myself—'I love, and am beloved again.' Those dark and deep gray eyes, Ellinor, had told me the secret of a young and confiding heart; and I thought myself more than happy—only too deeply blest. Oh, Ellinor! Ellinor! if I had spoken then."

Her head was buried in her hands, as she knelt by his pillow, and she was sobbing aloud.

"There was time enough, I said. This Ellinor, was the happiest period of my life. Do you remember our quite evenings in the Rue St. Dominique, when I left business and business cares behind me in Verulam Buildings, and ran over here to spend a week in my young ward's society? Do you remember the books we read together? Good heavens! there is a page in Lamartine's 'Odes,' which I can see before me as I speak! I can see the lights and shadows which I taught you to put under the cupola of a church in Munich, you once painted in water-colors. I can recall every thought, every word, every pleasure, and every emotion of that sweet and tranquil time in which I hoped and believed that you, Ellinor, would be my wife."

She lifted her face, blind and blotted by her tears, and looking at him for one brief instant, let it fall again upon her hands.

"Your uncle died, Ellinor, and the fair elevation of this palace of my life, which I had built with such confidence, was shivered to the ground. The fortune was left to you on condition that you married Henry Dalton. Women are ambitious. You would never surely resign such a fortune. You would marry young Dalton. This was the lawyer's answer to the all-important question. But those tender gray eyes, looking up from under their veil of inky lashes, had told a sweet secret, and perhaps your generous heart might count this fortune a very small thing to fling away for the sake of the man you loved. This was the lover's answer, and I hoped still, Ellinor, to win my darling. You were not to be made acquainted with the conditions of your uncle's will until you attained your majority. You were, at the time of his death, barely twenty years of age; there was, then, an entire year in which you should remain ignorant of the penalties attached to this unexpected wealth. In the meantime, I, as sole executor (your uncle, you see, trusted me entirely), had the custody of the funded property John Arden, of Arden, had left.

"I have told you, Ellinor, that I was a speculator. My profession threw me in the way of speculation. Confident in the power of my own intellect, I staked my fortune on the wonderful hazards of 1846. I doubled that fortune, trebled, quadrupled it, and when it had grown to be four times its original bulk, I staked it again. It was out of my hands, but was invested in, as I thought, so safe a speculation, that it was as secure as if it had never left my bankers. The railway company of which I was director was one of the richest and most flourishing in England. My own fortune, as I have told you, was entirely invested, and was doubling itself rapidly. As your uncle's trustee, as your devoted friend, your interests were dearer to me than my own. Why should I not speculate with your fortune, double it, and then say to you: 'See, Ellinor, here are two fortunes of which you are the mistress; one you owe to Henry Dalton, under the conditions of your uncle's will; the others is yours alone. You are rich, you are free, without any sacrifice, to marry the man you love; and this, Ellinor, is my work?' This was what I thought to have said to you at the close of the year of speculation, 1846."

"Oh, Horace, Horace! I see it all. Spare yourself, spare me! Do not tell me any more."

"Spare myself! No, Ellinor, not one pang, not one heart-break. I deserve it all. You were right in what you said in the boudoir at Sir Lionel's. The money was not my own; no sophistry, no ingenious twisting of facts and forcing of conclusions, could ever make it mine. How do I know even now that your interest was really my only motive in the step I took? How do I know that it was not, indeed, the gambler's guilty madness only, which impelled me to my crime? How do I know? How do I know? Enough! the crash came; my fortune and yours were together ingulfed in the vast destruction; and I, the trusted friend of your dead father, the conscientious lawyer, whose name had become a synonym for honor and honesty; I Horace Welmoden Margrave, only lineal descendant of the royalist, Captain Margrave, who perished at Worcester, fighting for his King and the honor of his noble race; I Ellinor, was a cheat and a swindler—a dishonest and dishonorable man!"

"Dishonorable, Horace! No, no; only mistaken."

"Mistaken, Ellinor? Yes, that is one of the words invented by dishonest men, to slur over their dishonesty. The fraudulent banker in whose ruin the fate of thousands, who have trusted him and believed in him, is involved, is, after all, as his friends say, only mistaken. The clerk, who robs his employer in the insane hope of restoring what he has abstracted, is, as his counsel pleads to a soft-hearted jury, with sons of their own, only mistaken! The speculator, who plays the great game of commercial hazard with another man's money, he, too, dares to look at the world with a pitiful face, and cry: 'Alas! I was only mistaken!' No, Ellinor, I have never put in that plea. From the moment of that terrible crash, which shattered my whole life into ruin and desolation, I have, at least, tried to look my fate in the face. But I have not borne all my own burdens, Ellinor. The heaviest weight of my crime has fallen upon the innocent shoulders of Henry Dalton."

"Henry Dalton, my husband?"

"Yes, Ellinor, your husband, Henry Dalton, the truest, noblest, most honorable, and most conscientious of men."

"You praise him so much," she said, rather bitterly.

"Yes, Ellinor, I am weak enough and wicked enough to feel a cruel pain in being compelled to do so; it is the last poor duty I can do him. Heaven knows I have done him enough injury."

The exertion of talking for so long a time had completely exhausted him, and he fell back, half fainting, upon the pillows. The Sister of Mercy, summoned from the next apartment by Ellinor, administered a restorative to him: and, in low, broken accents, he continued:

"From the moment of my ruin, Ellinor, I felt and knew that you were forever lost to me. I could bear this; I did not think my life would be a long one; it had been hitherto lit by no star of hope, shone upon by no sunlight of love. *Vogue la galere!* Let it go on its own dark way to the end. I say, I could bear this, but I could not bear the thought of your contempt; your aversion; that was too bitter. I could not come to you, and say: 'I love you; I have always loved you; I love you as I never before loved, as I never hoped to love; but I am a swindler and a cheat, and you can never be mine!' No, Ellinor, I could not do this; and yet you were on the eve of coming of age. Some step must be taken, and the only thing that could save me from this alternative was the generosity of Henry Dalton.

"I had heard a great deal of your uncle's adopted son, and I had met him very often at Arden; I knew him to be as noble and true-hearted a man as ever breathed the breath of human life. I determined, therefore, to throw myself upon his generosity, and to reveal all. 'He will despise me, but I can bear his contempt better than the scorn of the woman I loved.' I said this to myself, and one night—the night after Henry Dalton had first seen you, and had been deeply fascinated with the radiant beauty of my lovely ward, that very night after the day on which you came of age—I took Henry Dalton into my chambers in Verulam Buildings, and, after binding him with an oath of the most implicit secrecy, I told him all.

"You now understand the cruel position in which Henry Dalton was placed. The fortune which he was supposed to possess on marrying you, never existed. You were penniless, except, indeed, for the hundred a year coming to you from your mother's property. His solemn oath forbade him to reveal this to you; and for three years he endured your contempt, and was silent. Judge now of the wrong I have done him! Judge now the noble heart which you have trampled upon and tortured!"

"Oh, Horace! Horace! what misery this money has brought upon us!"

"No, Ellinor. What misery one deviation from the straight line of honor has brought upon us! Ellinor, dearest, only beloved, can you forgive the man who has so truly loved, yet so deeply injured you?"

"Forgive you!"

She rose from her knees, and smoothing the thick, dark hair from his white forehead, with tender, pitying hands, looked him full in the face.

"Horace," she said, "when, long ago, you thought I loved you, you read my heart aright; but the depth and truth of that love you could never read. Now, now that I am the wife of another, another to whom I owe so very much affection in reparation of the wrong I have done him, I dare tell you without a thought which is a sin against him, how much I loved you—and you ask me if I can forgive. As freely as I would have resigned this money for your sake, can I forgive you for the loss of it. This confession has set all right. I will be a good wife to Henry Dalton, and you and he may be sincere friends yet."

"What, Ellinor, do you think that, did I not know myself to be dying, I could have made this confession? No, you see me now under the influence of stimulants which give me a false strength: of excitement, which is strong enough to master even death. To-morrow night, Ellinor, the doctors tell me, there will no longer be in this weary world a weak, vacillating, dishonorable wretch called Horace Margrave."

He stretched out his attenuated hands, drew her towards him, and imprinted one kiss upon her forehead.

"The first and the last, Ellinor," he said. "Good-by."

His face changed to a deadlier white than before, and he fell back, fainting.

The physician, peeping in at the half-open door, beckoned to Ellinor.

"You must leave him at once, my dear madame," he said. "Had I not seen the dreadfully disturbed state of his mind, I should never have permitted this interview."

"Oh, monsieur, tell me, can you save him?"

"Only by a miracle, madame. A miracle far beyond medical skill."

"You yourself, then, have no hope?"

"Not a shadow of hope."

She bowed her head. The physician took her hand in his, and pressed it with a fatherly tenderness, looking at her earnestly and mournfully.

"Send for me to-morrow," she said, imploringly.

"Your presence can only endanger him, madame; but I will send you tidings of his state. Adieu!"

The following morning, as she was seated in her own apartment, she was once more summoned into the drawing-room.

The Sister of Mercy was there, talking to her aunt. They both looked grave and thoughtful, and glanced anxiously at Ellinor, as she entered the room.

"He is worse?" said Ellinor to the Sister, before a word had been spoken.

"Unhappily, yes. Madame, he is"—

"Oh, do not tell me any more! For pity's sake!" she exclaimed. "So young, so gifted, so admired; and it was in this very room we passed such happy hours together years ago."

She walked with tearless eyes to the window, and, leaning her head against the glass, looked down into the street below, and out at the cheerless gray of the autumn sky.

She was thinking how new and strange the world looked to her now that Horace Margrave was dead.

* * * * *

They erected a very modest tomb over the remains of Horace Margrave in the Cemetery of Pere la Chaise. There had been some thoughts of conveying his ashes to his native country, that they might rest in the church of Margrave, a little village in Westmoreland, the chancel of which church was decorated with a recumbent statue of Algernon Margrave, cavalier, who fell at the Worcester fight; but as he, the deceased, had no nearer relative than a few second cousins in the army and the church, and a superannuated Admiral, his great uncle, and, as it is furthermore discovered that the accomplished solicitor of Verulam Buildings, Gray's Inn, had not left a penny behind him, the idea was quickly abandoned, and the last remains of the admired Horace were left to decay in the soil of a foreign grave.

It was never fully known who caused the simple tablet which ultimately adorned his resting-place to be erected. It was a plain block of marble; no pompous Latin epitaph, or long list of virtues, was thereon engraved; but a half-burned torch, suddenly extinguished, was sculptured at the bottom of the tablet, while from the smoke of the torch a butterfly mounted upward. Above this design there was merely inscribed the name and age of the deceased.

The night following the day of Horace Margrave's funeral, Henry Dalton was seated, hard at work, at his chambers in the Temple.

The light of the office lamp falling upon his quiet face, revealed a mournful and careworn expression not usual to him.

He looked ten years older since his marriage to Ellinor.

He had fought the battle of life, and lost—lost in the great battle which some hold so lightly, but which to others is an earnest fight—lost in the endeavor to win the wife he could so tenderly and truly have loved.

He had now nothing left to him but his profession—no other ambition—no other hope.

"I will work hard," he said, "that she, though separated from me forever, may still at least derive every joy, of those poor joys which money can buy, from my labor."

He had heard nothing of either Horace Margrave's journey to Paris, his illness, or his death. He had no hope of being ever released from the oath which bound him to silence—to silence which he had sworn to preserve so long as Horace Margrave lived.

Tired, but still persevering, and absorbed in a difficult case, which needed all the professional acumen of the clever young barrister, who read and wrote on until past eleven o'clock.

Just as the clocks were chiming the half hour after eleven, he heard the bell of the outer door ring, as if pulled by an agitated hand.

His chambers were on the first floor; on the floor below were those of a gentleman who always left at six o'clock.

"I do not expect any one at such an hour; but it may be for me," he thought.

He heard his clerk open the door, and went on writing without once lifting his head.

Three minutes afterwards the door of his own office opened, and a person entered unannounced. He looked up suddenly. A lady dressed in mourning, with her face entirely concealed by a thick vail, stood near the door.

"Madame," he said, with some surprise, "may I ask" ——

She came hurriedly from the door by which she stood and fell on her knees at his feet, throwing up her vail as she did so.

"Ellinor!"

"Yes. I am in mourning for Horace Margrave, my unhappy guardian. He died a week ago in Paris. He told me all. Henry Dalton, my friend, my husband, my benefactor, can you forgive me?"

He passed his hand rapidly across his eyes, and turned his face away from her.

Presently he raised her in his arms, and, drawing her to his breast, said in a broken voice:

"Ellinor, I have suffered so long and so bitterly that I can scarcely bear this great emotion. My dearest, my darling, my adored and beloved wife, are we, indeed, at last set free from the terrible secret which has had such a cruel influence on our lives. Horace Margrave"—

"Is dead, Henry! I once loved him very dearly. I freely forgave him the injury he did me. Tell me that you forgive him, too."

"From my inmost heart, Ellinor!"

[THE END.]

Duty of Rest.

There is a false idea prevalent about resting enough in the few weeks of the summer to last the year. However full of delight and peace the lazy hours in the country, however freighted with rest and strength the long days by the sea, we cannot hoard and carry away enough of the precious store. Every twenty-four hours is a circle of its own in which to tear down and build up, and whatever is spent between one sundown and another must be made good from food, recreation and rest, and whoever commences the morning already tired is spending too much somewhere, and will find that a system of paying nature's past debts by drawing on the future will make him a bankrupt. But we do not need to wait till in the fullness of time we can join the throng at watering-places. To any one unless shut up between four brick walls, if there belong a green spot somewhere around the house; if he can sit at least under one vine and fig tree of his own, there is at hand a perrennial spring, if he but knows how to drink of it. Perhaps you will say: "I cannot stop to rest; I have no time; I will by and by, but now I must do my work." Ah! but are you sure of your by and by? the one this side of eternity, I mean! Are you not doing the very thing now that may lose it for you, or if entered upon, will it not, instead of being spent in rest, as you fondly hoped, be spent rather in vain regrets for the strength so unwisely and hopelessly lost? Moreover what is this work you must be constantly doing? If to do good is your ruling motive, have you not learned that it is what you are as well as what you do that blesses the world? and though the toil of your hands is worth much, a beautiful spirit of good cheer surrounding you is worth more, and you are not becoming the best you might be if you have no time to entertain this spirit of rest and strength which cannot live with weariness.—*Herald of Health.*

—Two young rascals were arrested in a Philadelphia park for boisterous conduct. Being locked up in an underground cell, they amused themselves by catching rats and tying them to empty cigar boxes that happened to be within reach. When their respective paternals arrived they found their wild sons engaged in the exciting and novel experience of betting their loose change upon a rat race. They were enjoying the situation amazingly.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Jenny Lind says the odor of flowers is injurious to a singer's voice.

Youths' Department.

THE SPIDER WEB.

Who but a fairy
Ever lived in a house so airy?
A bit of cloud tied fast, as it were,
And framed of the finest gossamer.
A wonderful, shining, silky house,
Swaying here in the sweet-brier boughs.
Sprite of some kind, queen of the air,
Must needs be the one for a home so fair.

Does she, I wonder,
Stand these pale-pink blossoms under,
Dressed in a skirt of vapory blue,
All spangled over with drops of dew?
Does she wear a crown, and in her hand
Carry aloft a long gold wand?
Has she wings to fly with, gauzy, green?
And where are the folk she rules as queen?

I look and linger,
And touch the web with careful finger;
When—in an eager, crafty way—
Out leaps a little gnome in gray!
The tiniest ogre that ever sate
And watched for prey at his castle gate,
His eight long arms so strong and bold
With which to seize, and strangle, and hold!

Should he discover
Some truant creature passing over—
A bee or fly on tired wing,
Careless and fond of loitering,
I wonder if a mimic roar
Would reach its ears from out his door:
"Fe, fi, fo, fum! fe, fi, fo, fum!
I will have some! I will have some!"

—*Youth's Companion.*

DO THE DUTY AT HOME FIRST.

"I despise this horrid life. If I only had a chance of making something of myself—but it is work, work, work, no time for anything but work. Some people get on as if by magic. I believe life is a lottery, after all, and I am going to try my luck in the casting of stones. I have all faith in the number nine. If I can hit that maple more times out of nine than I miss it, I'll be somebody. If I fail, I'll go on like the nobodies around me."

The sleepy figure in the grass sat upright, and commenced pelting the innocent tree with pebbles. "Hit, miss, miss, miss, hit, hit, miss, miss—no use! I'll try no more. Five unlucky throws out of seven."

"For shame, boy, to call this noble, intense life a lottery, and try your destiny for time and eternity with bits of stones thrown from a lazy, indolent hand. Get up, and take hold of life in earnest. Turn something up, instead of lying there waiting for something to turn up."

The big straw hat in the grass turned slowly toward the gentleman in the sulky, who had stopped beneath the spreading boughs of the great oak to allow his thirsty steed the benefit of the cooling draught that trickled through the fissures of the rock into the rough trough.

"I am the new doctor, who has put out a sign in the neighboring town of Elton," said the voice which had aroused the boy. "Now, tell me who you are, and what you are doing here."

"My name is Joe Harkness."

"Joseph, you mean," said the doctor.

"Yes, but I am too lazy to say it, and I came out of that old farm-house you see on the hill there, to dig taters for the dinner."

"First potatoes I ever saw grow at the roots of timothy," laughed the doctor.

"Patch is across the run. I stopped here to rest."

"And carve out a grand fortune by dreaming. How long have you been here? Long enough, I dare say, to have dug and cooked them, too."

Joe's only answer was a grin.

"Let me tell you, boy, the very foundation of true greatness consists in doing your every-day work in the very best manner possible. Let it be digging potatoes, hoeing corn, blacking boots, studying a lesson, or even playing a game of ball, go to work determined to succeed. Get all the pleasure and good out of your every-day work. 'What is worth doing at all is worth doing well,' ought to be printed in letters of gold and nailed over every door in the land. Make this your own motto, and you will never need to spell f-a-i-l."

"I do not want to spend my whole life digging and delving. I want to go to college and know something. I am tired of work."

"Then, my boy, you will have to be transplanted to a more heavenly soil, for I tell you there is no success anywhere on earth without incessant toil. You will have to dig, dig, dig for knowledge, if you are ever its possessor. Let me see. How old are you?"

"Fourteen, sir."

"And what do you know of books?"

"I've been twice through arithmetic, know something of geography, and despise grammar and spellin'."

"And they are at war with you, I observe. You will never be a scholar until you have a fair fight with these two chief corner-stones, and come off victor. You must be master at every step of the way. Nor must you cut across-lots in order to shorten your journey. Men often try this way, but they find so many ups and downs, so many streams and swamps, that if they do not lose themselves altogether, they will find their road, though shorter, by an air line, in reality much longer than the lawful route. There is a great deal of going across-lots to make a beggar of a man in this world. Do you go to school?"

"Only in winter. I have no time in summer."

"What do you do with your odd moments and rainy days?"

"Rest."

"Hum! I see you are not worth saving. Never will amount to anything. Why, boy, don't you know some of the greatest men who are alive to-day, or who have ever lived, received no education, except what they gained in their odd moments? Wake up and catch these minutes as they fly. Rest assured they will not wait for you. Study all spare time and go to school wet days."

"But our teacher is a woman," replied Joe.

"Well, ain't your mother a woman?"

"None of the fellows go to a woman."

"Why?"

"Who wants to be managed by a woman? You must take me for a coward."

"A most despicable coward, to speak of a woman in such a way. If you cannot help this teacher manage these young savages, and one in particular, the sooner you are transferred to the care of the angels the better. Has your teacher a certificate?"

"Of course, or she would not have been employed."

"Then she is capable of teaching you a few things?"

"The boys would laugh at me."

"Be a brave boy! But there is your mother calling for the potatoes. Go along. Begin by digging your potatoes, in earnest."

Joe sprang up, and, as the doctor drove away, went to work with a will. He followed the doctor's advice to the letter, and a year later when the doctor, as one of the Examining Committee, admitted him into the academy, Joe told him: "You were right; I am glad you waked me up and set me to work that day you found me asleep in the grass." The incident came back to the doctor's memory, and he patted the boy's head, saying: "Bravely done."—*Chicago Interior.*

Some Queer Uses of Birds.

Did you ever see a candle made out of a bird? I suppose not, unless you have been in the Faroe Islands, and very few people visit their lovely shores. The inhabitants of those islands live in a very simple and old-fashioned way, and nearly everything they use is a home-made article. Thousands of sea-birds build their nests on the rocks there, and the young birds are "as fat as butter." The islanders take these young birds, run wicks through their bodies until they are soaked with grease, light one end of the wick, and there's your home-made candle.

Another kind of bird is used in Australia as a substitute for confectionery. It is a species of parrot, called loray, which feeds on fruit and grain, and has a place in its throat where all the sweet parts of the things it eats collect and form a kind of honey. As soon as an Australian savage shoots one of these birds, he puts its bill into his mouth, squeezes its throat, and sucks away just as boys do with oranges. Then he pulls the feathers out and sticks them in his hair, and after that he takes the bird home to Mrs. Savage to be cooked. Perhaps, when Mr. S. is in a particularly good humor, he brings a loray or two home to his woolly-headed family without first extracting all the "nice part."

In a great many cities of tropical America black vultures (or turkey buzzards, as they are commonly called in this country) do the most important part of the street cleaning. They devour everything they find which would be liable to decay, and so they keep off pestilences, or at least prevent their coming from that cause. It is against the law to molest the buzzards in any way, and, as they march around the streets or sit at their ease in the sunshine, they seem to be well aware that they are city officials, and of quite as much importance as the Mayor himself.

In China, tame cormorants are used to supply the markets and the tables of their owners with fish. Rings are placed on their necks, loose enough to allow them to breathe, but too tight to admit of their swallowing. Then they are taken to a fish-pond or stream, strings are fastened on their legs, and they are allowed to "go a-fishing." They dive and bring up the fish, and, while they are struggling violently to swallow what they have captured, they are drawn to the shore by the string, their prey is taken away from them, and they are sent in to try again. When the baskets are full, the rings are taken off, and the cormorants are allowed to do a little extra work on their own account. If human laborers were treated in this way, there would certainly be trouble, but, as far as known, these feathered employes have never organized a strike.

It is no longer the fashion to use hawks and falcons as bird-killers, but pigeons are made to do duty as letter-carriers, and at the siege of Paris they formed the best means of communication with the outside world. Thirty miles an hour is the usual rate of their speed, and they sometimes travel even faster. The bird's object in making the journey is to get back to its young squabs, from which it is taken away before being employed in this way; and, as it is kept in a dark place and without food for eight or ten hours before being let loose, it no doubt considers the point from which it is sent a good place to get away as soon as possible.

The use of birds are "too numerous to mention." The most important of the many good things that they do for us is to keep the worms and insects, that destroy vegetation, from becoming too numerous.

If all the birds should suddenly die, meal and flour would soon become very scarce and high, and thousands of people would starve. Boys would find that their fathers couldn't afford to give them much money to spend, and everything would be dearer then it is now.

Leaving out such robbers as the crows, birds are among our best friends; and children who kill them and rob their nests, "just for fun," do a great deal of harm to themselves and everybody else.

Some time ago, an association of "Bird Defenders" was formed among American boys and girls, and this honorable society is one of those which certainly ought to live long and prosper.—*Golden Days.*

A Petrified Baby.

During the last week Philanthropic Cemetery, at Passyunk Road and Tasker street, has been the scene of so much activity that it has attracted the attention of all the residents in that section of the city. A city ordinance has been passed to open Tasker street through the corner of the cemetery. In order to do this it was found necessary to remove a large number of bodies interred there. The work has been going on for some time, and will be completed in about two weeks. From 175 to 200 bodies will be removed and reinterred at other places in the cemetery. The bodies in this section of the cemetery have all been interred for many years. Six or eight bodies that have been removed already are partially or wholly petrified. The body of a two-year-old child was raised from a lot owned by Charles Ware, after being buried upward of forty years. The coffin and outside box had both rotted to dust, but the body was as perfect as on the day it was interred. It weighed from two to three times as much as it naturally would in life, and had all the appearance of a marble statue. The body was removed to another portion of the cemetery and interred.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—A Washington reporter has a new synonym or figure of speech for a grave. He calls it "the low, green tent whose curtain never outward swings."